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FROM THE GIFT OF

WILLIAM ENDICOTT, JR.

(Class of 1887)

OF BOSTON





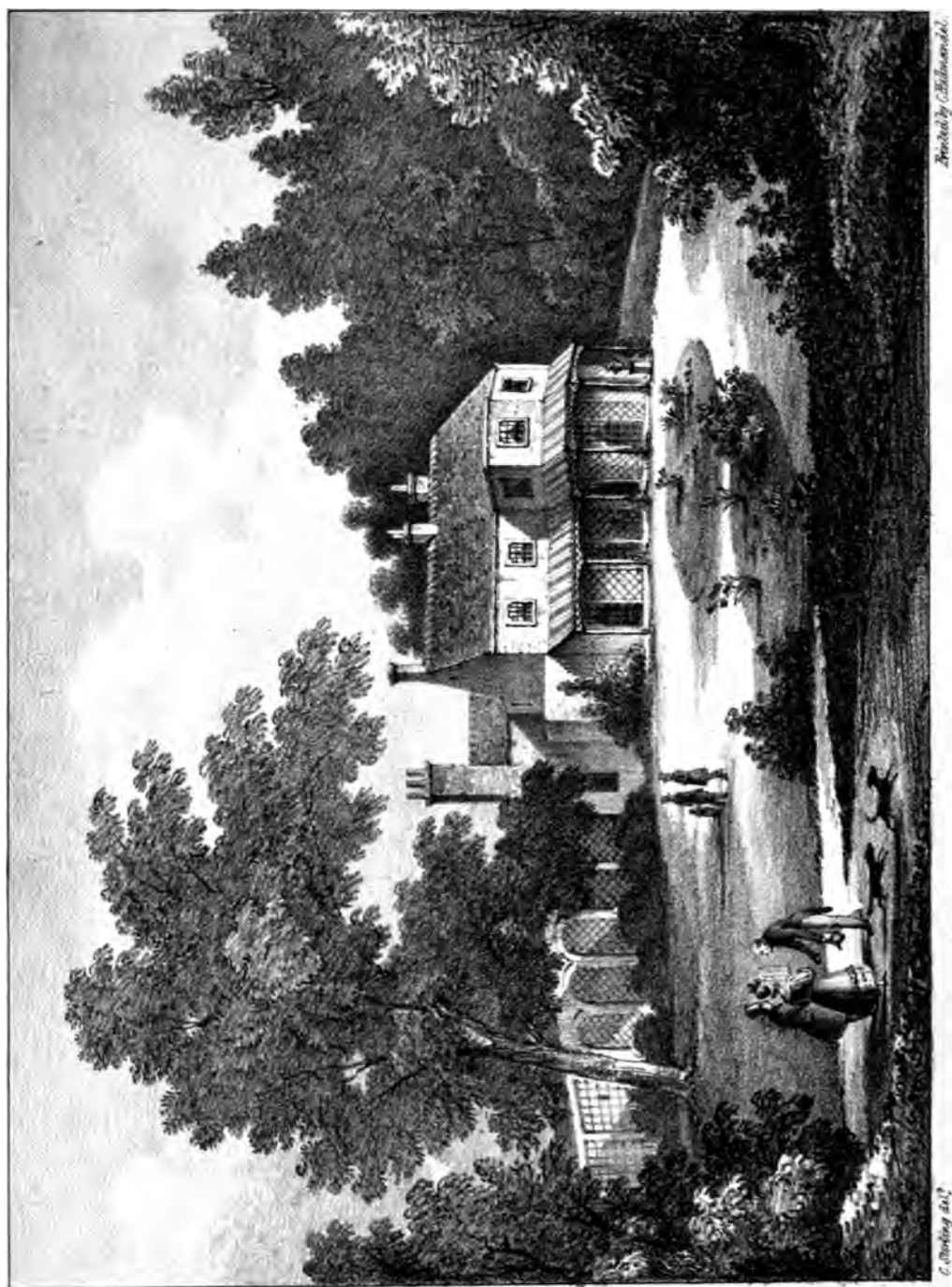




161-







ST. ANNE'S HILL.

**SAINT ANNE'S HILL;**

A

**POEM.**

---

BY

THE LATE REV. PETER CUNNINGHAM.

---

*THIRD EDITION.*

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**Chertsey:**

PRINTED BY ROBERT WETTON.

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1833.

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*Gift of  
William Endicott, Jr.,*

## INTRODUCTION.

---

“ HERE should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,  
“ But by fix’d thought my wandering eye betrays ;  
“ Viewing a neighb’ring hill, whose top of late  
“ A chapel crown’d, ’till in the common fate  
“ Th’ adjoining abbey fell—(may no such storm  
“ Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)”

*Cooper’s Hill.*

“ COOPER’S HILL is the work that confers upon Denham  
 “ the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to  
 “ have been, at least among us, the author of a species  
 “ of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of  
 “ which the fundamental subject is some particular land-  
 “ scape, to be poetically described, with the addition of  
 “ such embellishments as may be supplied by history, retro-  
 “ spection, or incidental meditation.”

*Dr. Johnson’s Lives of the Poets, Vol. 1, p. 114.*

“ The first minister of state has not so much business  
 “ in public, as a wise man has in private; if the one have  
 “ little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to

“ be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of  
“ one nation, the other all the works\* of God under his  
“ consideration.”

*Cowley's Discourse on Solitude, 8vo. edit. vol. 2, p. 695.*

---

\* See the eighteenth stanza of the following Poem.





TO THE  
**HONORABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX,**  
REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT  
FOR THE  
**CITY OF WESTMINSTER;**  
THE  
***FOLLOWING POEM***  
IS,  
UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY, JANUARY, 24th, A. D. 1800,  
RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
***THE OBLIGED AUTHOR.***







THE SCHOOL BUILDING, 1900

## SAINT ANNE'S HILL.

---

POET.

SEE, stern Aquarius mounts the stormy sky,

Wide o'er its cope his dusky mantle throws,

And summons rigid Eurus to supply

His drizzling urn with hoary sleeting snows.

Sad, like these scenes, his fancy damp'd and chill,

How shall the bard, O Muse! thy call obey,---

To hail, on yonder insulated hill,

Its hospitable Master's natal day?

THE MUSE.

*Their* path pursue, who, “fall’n on evil days,”  
 And bent by frowning fortune’s iron rod,  
 Snatch’d from her envious grasp the deathless bays,  
 And Fame’s proud eminence sublimely trod.

They mock’d the human tempest’s idle rage,  
 And, scorning stern adversity’s controul,  
 “Chill penury ne’er damped *their* glowing page,  
 “Nor froze the genial current of their soul.”

POET.

How shall this verse obtain *his* judging ear,  
 Accustomed to his peerless Homer’s strain\*;  
 Whose lofty themes his studious hours endear,  
 With all the Grecian muses in his train?

• \* Note I.

## THE MUSE.

What though the soaring herald of the morn  
 Fill with his rapid strains the glowing sphere,  
 The lonely pensive redbreast on his thorn  
 May sing as sweet in musing pity's ear.

Upon his rustic reed, the pastoral swain  
 May breathe through hearts with sympathy endu'd,  
 A lay as pleasing as a Pindar's strain,  
 The dulcet "still small voice of gratitude."

Haste then thy tributary song to pay,---  
 And fearless take the long-suspended lyre  
 From yonder dusky willow's leafless spray:---  
 Its sylvan voice the heart will best inspire.



POET.

Yet, soft Enchantress of the laureat tribe !

Tune with thy magic hands its trembling strings,  
Give them thy fire ethereal to imbibe,

And prompt thy pensive vot'ry while he sings.---

Ardent to shine in glory's bright career,

Fresh like the morn, hailing the orient sun,  
“ Flush'd with the spirit of life's vernal year,”

Lo !---the Patrician's arduous race begun :---

With classic lore, with lib'ral arts imbu'd,

With history's ample stores enrich'd his mind,  
With genius, as with patriot zeal, endu'd,

He leaves each proud competitor behind.

See oratory “marks him for her own,”  
 And arms his tongue with her resistless fire,  
 And bids him to the chaplet of renown,  
 Like great Demosthenes of old, aspire.

Arrived at length at glory’s radiant goal,  
 Crown’d with pre-eminence in freedom’s cause,  
 New trials then await the steadfast soul,  
 The fickle gales of popular applause.

Envy, grim, livid monster, still pursues\*  
 The patriot statesman and th’ enlighten’d sage ;  
 O’er their fair merits sheds her blighting dews,  
 And blots with rancour Time’s historic page.

\* Note II.

Sated with fame, wearied with feuds of state,  
     The harass'd mind longs to enjoy repose,  
 And like, in ev'ry age, the truly great,  
     To muse o'er life, and dignify its close.

Thoughtful on liberty's declining star,  
     Thus Tully mused in Tusculum's retreats,  
 Exchang'd the Roman senate and the bar  
     For calm philosophy's Elysian seats.

Thus, on Salona's oak-clad, tow'ring scite,  
     Th' imperial purple stole aside was laid,  
 And Dioclesian view'd with more delight  
     The rural honours of his native shade\*.

\* Note III.

And thus, O Fox ! in wisdom's golden hour,  
 She led THEE from the statesman's ceaseless strife  
 To mild philosophy's\* sequester'd bow'r  
 To rural studies, and to tranquil life.

What classic scenes arise on ev'ry side,  
 The sage's and the poet's mind to fill!---  
 And yet no bard the tribute hath supplied,  
 That truth demands for sainted ANNA'S HILL.

The variegated landscape to explore,  
 Th' historic Muse here loves to take her stand;  
 And points, applauding Britain's chiefs of yore,  
 To Thames' green margent her recording hand.

\* Note IV.

“ Ruffling yon tide, of oaks an ambush’d grove\*,  
 “ Of old, opposed the Julian host in vain ;---  
 “ And *there* Cassivelaunus nobly strove  
 “ From Cæsar’s brow the laurel to obtain.

“ Ye Britons ! still with pride yon mead survey†,  
 “ Where freedom’s banner still appears to wave,  
 “ Where frowning John, on freedom’s natal day,  
 “ The Charter of the Realm reluctant gave.”

---Mark, where o’er Chertsey’s dusky, hallow’d tow’r,  
 The hibernal sun’s reflected radiance glows !---  
 Thus o’er the darkness of the mental pow’r  
 The sun of truth his cheering lustre throws.

\* Note V.

† Runnymede.

Thus in these Mercian realms in times of yore,  
 Of Pagan ignorance the midnight reign,  
 Her rugged sons, soften'd by sacred lore,  
 Aspir'd the christian's radiant crown to gain :

Casting their barbarous idol gods away,\*  
 They bless'd the light celestial truth imparts ;  
 And felt religion's heaven descending ray  
 Illume their minds and humanize their hearts.

*Then* rose Certesia's† stately cloister'd fane  
 With regal and with papal honours crown'd,  
 Where flock'd the zealous, scallop'd, pilgrim train  
 To shrines of martyrs and of saints renown'd.

\* Note VI.

† Note VII.

Sacred through civil storms the fabric stood  
 Revolving ages of her Saxons' reign ;  
 And phœnix-like, rose from the fire and blood  
 That mark'd the fury of th'invading Dane.

*Here* pious Henry, on his regal bier,\*  
 Found a short refuge from a life of woes ;---  
 And *here*, renouncing laurel'd glory's sphere,  
 Have sages, statesmen, heroes, sought repose ;

Till haughty Tudor's wild capricious gust  
 The cloisters doom'd to his unsparing rage :---  
*Then* sunk the venerable pile in dust,†  
 And with it murky superstition's age.---

\* Note VIII.

† Note IX.



But arts and commerce soon enrich'd the land,  
 Science her radiant head began to rear ;  
 And, fraught with fancy, as with precepts bland,  
 The gentle Muses lov'd to wander here.

In fancy's eye, here Denham wanders still  
 With stately pace around the verdant maze ;  
 Points with parental pride to " COOPER'S HILL,"  
 Graced with his nervous and his moral lays ;---

Points to the willow'd Thames,\* winding along  
 In placid state to proud Augusta's marts,  
 Where busy commerce, by her swarming throng,  
 The boundless treasures of the globe imparts.

\* Note X.

Beneath yon solemn cypress careless laid,  
     Crowning the Hill, he erst delighted view'd,\*  
 “ The melancholy Cowley’s” pensive shade  
     Still fondly paints the charms of solitude.†

Short was that solitude’s Utopian dream,  
     His muse so long in fairy visions sung :---  
 Too soon, in life’s full prime, near yonder stream,  
     “ Flow’d the last accents from his tuneful tongue.”

Imperial Windsor’s proudly-crested tow’r,  
     Here hapless Otway, with his loyal praise,‡  
 Still seems to hail, though wan misfortune’s pow’r  
     His fate embitter’d, and abridg’d his days.

\* Note XI.

† Note XII.

‡ Note XIII.

---But hark! the happier bard of Twick'nam's shades  
 Pours his mellifluent tide of verse along,---  
 And gives those stately woods and dusky glades  
 A brighter fame and eternizing song.

---Yet, not alone from bards of classic fame  
 Shall sainted ANNA'S HILL\* derive its praise;---  
 Severer science here asserts her claim,  
 And wreaths her laurel with the Muse's bays.

See, where coy nature's Scandinavian sage,†  
 Studios, unfolds her dark botanic laws;  
 And from her green, luxuriant blooming page,  
 Progressive, ever-varying pleasure draws.---

\* Note XIV.

† *Linnæus*.

**Mark how his scientific hand displays**

**A world of beauty in each flow'r combin'd ;**

**And traces, through the vegetable maze,**

**The pow'r and wisdom of th'eternal mind ;---**

**And friendship, richest boon to harass'd life,**

**Here soothes the heart with her nectareous balm ;**

**Potent, life's fev'rish coil, and passion's strife,**

**Like oil upon the stormy wave, to calm.**

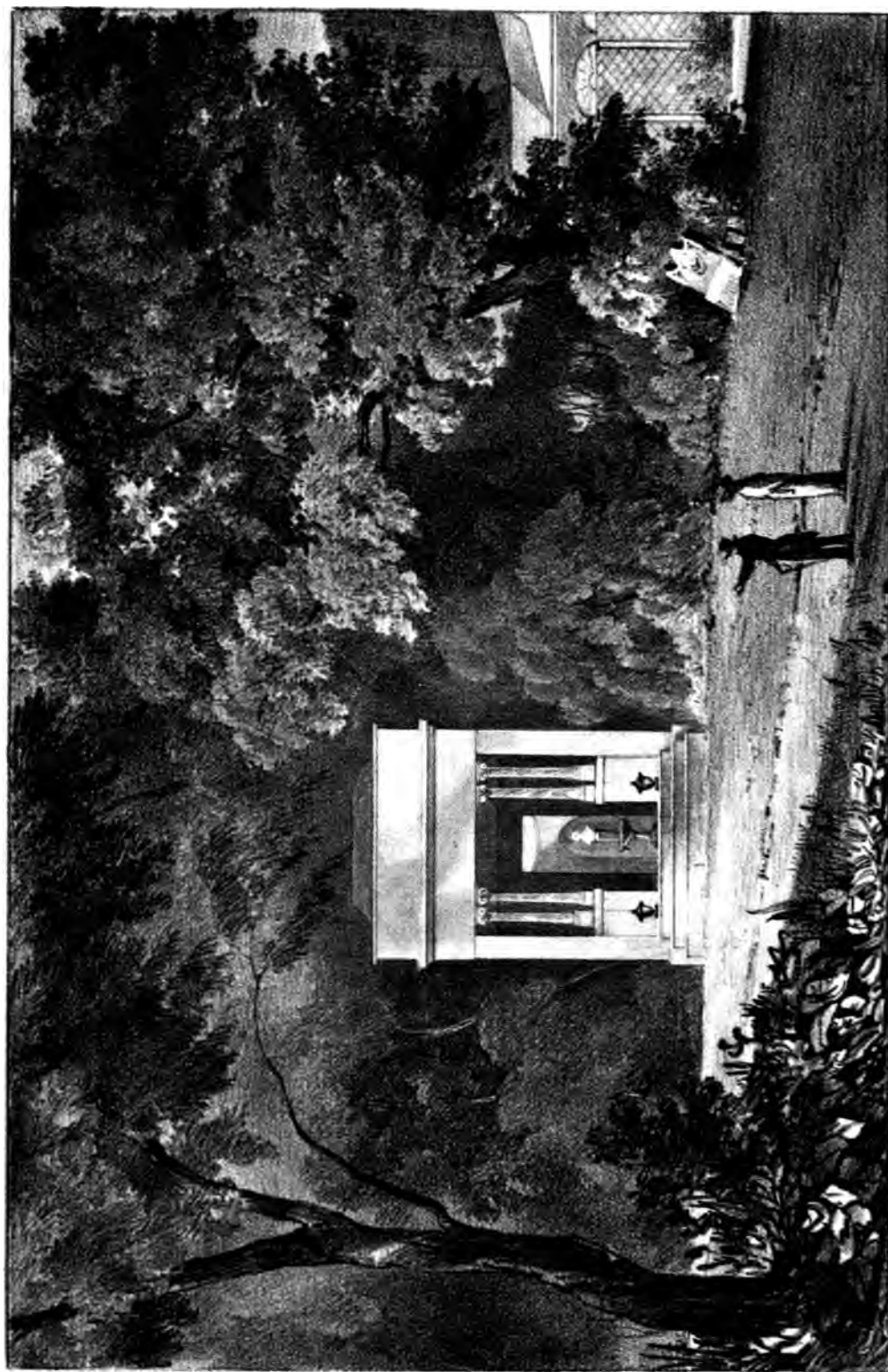
**---Hark ! in what dulcet notes some spirit sings,**

**Like tuneful Ariel, in th'enchanted isle,**

**Hov'ring o'er Ferdinand on dove-like wings,**

**The passing hours serenely to beguile.**





*C. Sterling. del.*

*Engr. by Mad. L. L. L. 310. Br. one*

# THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP, ST. ANNE'S HILL.

"—For this sweet Place could only Pleasure know,  
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,  
And all Elysium! In one spot of ground."  
*—The Flower & the Leaf—*

“ The star whose radiant beams adorn\*  
 “ With vivid light the rising morn,  
 “ The season chang’d, with milder ray  
 “ Cheers the calm hour of parting day.  
 “ So friendship, of the generous breast  
 “ The earliest and the latest guest,  
 “ In youthful prime with ardour glows,  
 “ And sweetens life’s serener close.---  
 “ Benignant pow’r ! in this retreat,  
 “ O deign to fix thy tranquil seat ;  
 “ Where rais’d above the dusky vale,  
 “ Thy favourites brighter suns shall hail ;  
 “ And from life’s busy scenes remote,  
 “ To thee their cheerful hours devote,  
 “ Nor waste a transient thought to know  
 “ What cares disturb the crowd below.”

\* Note XV.



So may this classic HILL and learned ease,  
 O Fox! perennial calm delight impart,  
 And cordial friendship's attic converse please  
 Thy lib'ral mind and philanthropic heart!---

MUSE.

---Peace to the lyre! for now the waning night  
 Warns thee thy tributary song to close,  
 And, ere fair Phosphor hails Aurora's light,  
 To snatch from care a transient calm repose.

*Then*, like Certesia's anchorets of yore,  
 Improve from human storms *thy* short release,  
 And teach her Surrey swains from sacred lore,  
 "The ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace."





### TO LORD HOLLAND.

Though lasting blessings be to man denied,  
And our white hours on swifter pinions glide,  
The powers of art in memory may give  
Life's fleeting joys a lengthen'd date to live ;  
So may these labours of the sculptor's hand  
Of festive revels a memorial stand,  
Where bosoms glowing with that ardent zeal  
Which bosoms fraught with kind affections feel,  
Hail'd the glad moment when revolving Time  
Had crown'd a YOUTH in manhood's vernal prime,  
Whose ripen'd virtues now to friendship warm'd  
Those hearts his childhood had with fondness charm'd ;  
What though stern Winter through the leafless grove  
Had hush'd the tuneful minstrelsy of Love,

Sweet strains of Joy the voice of gladness sung,  
 With shouts of Joy the sprightly echoes rung ;  
 A placid look, Remembrance fondly cast  
 On earlier years in blameless pleasures past,  
 While eager Hope explor'd with anxious eye  
 The opening prospect of a brighter sky.  
 Dress'd in sweet smiles, **THE GENIUS OF THE PLACE**  
 Vouchsaf'd the friendly festival to grace,  
 And while the Jocund Guests in sportive round,  
 With steps elastic lightly press'd the ground ;  
 Here breath'd for more such Joyous days a prayer,  
 And bade the fervent wish this votive structure bear.\*

---

\* These lines, written by **GENERAL FITZPATRICK**, are on a  
 Pedestal surmounted by a Vase, opposite a small **TEMPLE**, erected to  
 perpetuate the coming of age of **LORD HOLLAND**.

The following **INSCRIPTION** is cut in Stone, and fixed into the Building  
over the entrance door of the **TEMPLE**.



**IN MEMORIAM**

**DIEI NATALIS HENRICI RICARDI BARONIS DE HOLLAND,**

**QUO XXI. ANNOS ÆTATIS ATTIGIT,**

**XI. KAL. DEC. A. D. MDCCXCIV.**

**FELICITER HIC CELEBRATI,**

**HASCE ÆDES**

**AMICATIÆ IPSIQUE SACRAS**

**CAROLUS ET ELIZABETTA,**

**QUI ETSI NON PARENTES, PATERNO**

**EUM AMORE DELIGUNT**

**VOTIVAS POSUERUNT.**



The following Lines are inscribed beneath an URN, placed by Mrs. FOX,  
to mark a favourite spot of Mr. FOX.

“ The painted Birds, companions of the spring,  
“ Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing,  
“ Both eyes and ears received a like delight,  
“ Enchanting music, and a charming sight.  
“ On Philomel I fixed my whole desire,  
“ And listened for the queen of all the quire,  
“ Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing ;  
“ And wanted yet an omen to the spring.---

\* \* \* \* \*

“ So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung  
“ That the Groves echoed and the Vallies rung.”

“ *The Flower and the Leaf.*”

---

CHEERFUL IN THIS SEQUESTERED BOWER  
FROM ALL THE STORMS OF LIFE REMOVED,  
HERE FOX ENJOYED HIS EVENING HOUR,  
IN CONVERSE WITH THE FRIENDS HE LOVED :

AND HERE THESE LINES HE OFT WOULD QUOTE,  
PLEASED FROM HIS FAVOURITE POET'S LAY,  
WHEN CHALLENGED BY THE WARBLER'S NOTE,  
THAT BREATHED A SONG FROM EVERY SPRAY.







## NOTES.

---

### NOTE I.

“ Read Homer once, and you can read no more ;  
“ For all books else appear so mean, so poor,  
“ Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,  
“ And Homer will be all the books you need.”

*Essay on Poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham.*

### NOTE II.

“ Sure fate of ALL, beneath whose rising ray  
“ Each star of meaner merit fades away.”

*Pope's Imitations of Horace.*

### NOTE III.

Dioclesian lived the last nine years of his life like a philosopher, in his retreat at Salona, in Dalmatia ; which some writers have believed was his native place. He there amused himself in cultivating his gardens and orchards ; and was accustomed to say to his friends, that “ he only began to *live* from the time of his voluntary

“resignation of the empire.” It is moreover added, that Maximian having endeavoured to prevail upon him to remount the imperial throne, Dioclesian made him this answer: “The possession of the imperial throne is not comparable to the tranquillity of my present life. I take more pleasure in the cultivation of my garden, than ever I did, formerly, in ruling the Roman world.”

*Extracted from “Le Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique, &c. tome 2.  
Art. Caius Valerius Diocletianus. A. Caen, 1779.”*

#### NOTE IV.

The author of the Poem has too sincere and too great a respect for the pre-eminent character to whom he has, therein, the honour of addressing himself, to suffer it to be for a moment imagined, that by “*philosophy*” he entertains the most distant idea of alluding to that *SPURIOUS philosophy* so fatally avowed and adopted by the atheistical, soi-disant, modern philosophers of the French and the German Continents. The *philosophy* alluded to in the present poem, in the eighteenth stanza, is *that* in which the far more liberal, intelligent, and superior mind to which it is inscribed, is well known to be very conversant. It is that emanation of genius and wisdom which sheds a lustre, however partial, over the characters, the tenets, and the compositions of such men as Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and other celebrated ancients like them, till the sun of Christianity arose, and dispersed the mists that still hovered over the intellectual regions of human reason.

## NOTE V.

About a mile from Chertsey Bridge, according to Camden, is Cowey Stakes, where Cæsar passed the Thames, (that being the only spot then fordable,) and entered the territories of Cassivelaunus. On the other side of the river the British troops had planted themselves, and had fenced the bank with sharp stakes, securely driven into the ground, which the venerable Bede says, “are seen to this day:” and it appears upon the view, that each of them is as thick as a man’s thigh; and that being soldered with lead, they stick into the bottom of the river immovable. “These stakes,” (Mr. Ireland’s work on the Thames is here quoted,) “which are of oak, are still “discernible; though from age they have lost their former color. “The late Speaker of the House of Commons, Arthur Onslow, Esq. had a set of knife and fork handles made from them, which, when worked, were as black and as heavy as ebony.

*Ireland’s Thames, Vol. II, p. 64.*

To this account of the gallant stand which Cassivelaunus made against his Roman invaders, may be added the following interesting extracts upon the same subject, from a curious letter of the celebrated antiquary, Dr. Stukely, to his learned friend, Dr. Andrew Coltee Ducarel:—

“They that have written of Cæsar’s journey hither, had very “slender notions of it, and of his passing the Thames in particular, “&c.—The river at this place (i. e. over against Shepperton,) is “wider than elsewhere any where near it of some miles, and *that* is

“ the reason of its being fordable. At *this* place, Casvelhan (thus  
 “ Dr. Stukely gives us the name of the British prince) was deter-  
 “ mined to make a stand against the Roman arms. We are to  
 “ disabuse ourselves from the vulgar notions of the Britons being  
 “ so barbarous a people: none could behave with more policy and  
 “ valour. At Shepperton, Casvelhan collected all his forces, and  
 “ those not few; moreover he had fortified the bank-side with sharp  
 “ palisadoes, and, besides, the like stakes were fixed in the very  
 “ bed of the river under water.”

## NOTE VI.

“ The marriage of Ethelbert with Bertha, and much more  
 “ his embracing Christianity, begat a connexion of his subjects with  
 “ the French, Italians, and other nations on the continent, and tended  
 “ to reclaim them from their gross ignorance and barbarity, in which  
 “ all the Saxon tribes had been hitherto involved.

“ Ethelbert also enacted, with the consent of the states of his  
 “ kingdom, a body of laws, the first written laws promulgated by  
 “ any of the northern conquerors; and his reign was, in every  
 “ respect, glorious to himself, and beneficial to his people.”

*Hume's History of England.—Bowyer's Folio Edition.*

The Author would not do justice to a fine picture, representing  
 Saint Augustin before Ethelbert, painted by Mr. Tresham and very  
 beautifully engraved by Mr. A. Smith, in No. VIII. of the same

magnificent edition of Hume's History, were he not to add, that in the 23rd, 24th, and the 25th stanzas of this poem, he had the eye of his fancy fixed upon this picture of the Saxon king's conversion to the Christian religion. So close is the connexion subsisting between poetry and painting, and such friendly aids do these sister arts occasionally impart to each other.

#### NOTE VII.

*Certesia*, the author's poetical name for Chertsey, occurs in several ancient records relative to the abbey of Chertsey, which are still extant.

The abbey of Chertsey was of the benedictine order, and founded, as some writers assert, A. D. 664, or as others, in 666, (almost as soon as the Saxons were converted from paganism,) by Erkenwalde, afterwards Bishop of London; but it was finished and chiefly endowed by Frithland, Earl of Surrey. Sir Edward Coke, in that great repository of the common law of this country, his commentary on Littleton, says, that the above-mentioned "Saint Erkenwalde was a younger son of Anna, king of the East Saxons, "and was first abbot of Chertsey, in Surrey, which he had founded, "and after Bishop of London—a holy and devout man." The abbey was sacked and burnt to the ground by the Danes. Dr. Stukely says, that this happened in the ninth century, when the abbot and ninety of the monks were barbarously murdered by those merciless invaders. It was afterwards re-founded by King Edgar, and

dedicated to Saint Peter. Both Edgar and Pope Alexander granted the abbey many priveleges; and it was successively enriched by many distinguished patrons and liberal benefactors.

#### NOTE VIII.

It was in all probability the chapel belonging to the abbey that received the remains of the pious, but unfortunate Henry the Sixth. This circumstance Shakspeare alludes to, in the first act of Richard the Third; wherein Lady Anne, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to Henry the Sixth, appears as the mourner in his funeral procession, and says, in the conclusion of her lamentations over the ill-fated monarch,

“ Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
 “ Taken from Paul’s to be interred there;  
 “ And still as you are weary of the weight,  
 “ Rest you, whilst I lament King Henry’s corse.”

From Chertsey, according to the assertions of various writers, the body was afterwards removed to Windsor, by Henry the Seventh, in a private manner.

#### NOTE IX.

Doctor Stukely, in the letter to Doctor Ducarel already quoted, expresses himself on this subject in the following manner: “ I first  
 “ went with eager steps to view the abbey, or rather the scite of the  
 “ abbey; for so total a dissolution I scarcely ever saw; so inveterate

“ a rage against every, the least appearance of it, as if they meant  
 “ to defeat even the inherent sanctity of the ground. Of that noble  
 “ and splendid pile, which took up four acres of ground, and looked  
 “ like a town, nothing remains; scarcely a little of the outward  
 “ wall of the precinctus.” The Doctor afterwards adds:—“ I left  
 “ the ruined ruins of this place, which had been consecrated to  
 “ Religion ever since the year 666, with a sigh for the loss of so  
 “ much national magnificence and national history. Dreadful was  
 “ that storm which spared not, at least, the churches, libraries,  
 “ painted glass, monuments, or manuscripts; that spared not *a little*  
 “ out of the abundant spoil, to support them for the public honor  
 “ and emolument.”

## NOTE X.

“ My eye, descending from the hill, surveys  
 “ Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays,  
 “ Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons  
 “ By his old sire, to his embraces runs;—  
 “ Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,  
 “ Like mortal life to meet eternity.—  
 “ Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,  
 “ Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;  
 “ His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,  
 “ Search not his bottom, but survey his shore.”

*Cooper's Hill.*



## NOTE XI.

In a letter to his intimate friend and biographer, Doctor Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, dated at Chertsey, 21st of May, 1665, soon after settling there, Cowley thus writes: " I do hope to " recover my late hurt so farre within five or six days (though it " be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about " again. And then, methinks, you and I, and the Dean, might be " very merry upon SAINT ANNE'S HILL."

*Preserved by Peck.*

## NOTE XII.

Alluding to most of Cowley's Discourses, by way of Essays, in verse and prose, beginning at page 672; and particularly to the second of them " On Solitude," quoted in the third motto of this poem. See vol. II, octavo edition of Cowley's works, 1710.

Doctor Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, closes, previous to his acute, but severe, critical analysis of Cowley's Poems, his biographical sketches of him, with the following cynical observation: " He did not long enjoy the pleasure, or suffer the uneasiness of " solitude; for he died at the Porch House, in Chertsey, in 1667, " in the 49th year of his age.'

The " Porch House," at Chertsey, wherein Cowley formerly resided, has lost that heretofore peculiar denomination; the porch,

by which it was thus distinguished, having been taken down some years since. The house and the adjoining grounds belong now to Richard Clark, Esq. the Chamberlain of London; this gentleman has greatly embellished the latter; and in making a neat and commodious addition to the ancient building, has been induced, out of great respect to the memory of this celebrated genius and very excellent man, to preserve from demolition those parts of it, wherein Cowley is traditionally said to have studied, and to have breathed his last.

#### NOTE XIII.

See Otway's poem, entitled "Windsor Castle," dedicated to the memory of Charles the Second, and also to James the Second.—The double dedication, and the poem itself, abound with the most lavish panegyric and adulation. "Otway," says his biographer, Doctor Johnson, "appears by some of his verses to have been "a zealous royalist, and had, what was in those times, the common "reward of loyalty; he lived and died neglected."

#### NOTE XIV.

The Hill itself derived its name from a small chapel, built in very remote times upon the summit of it, belonging to the abbey, and dedicated to SAINT ANNE, of which there is now no other vestige than the rude fragment of a wall.

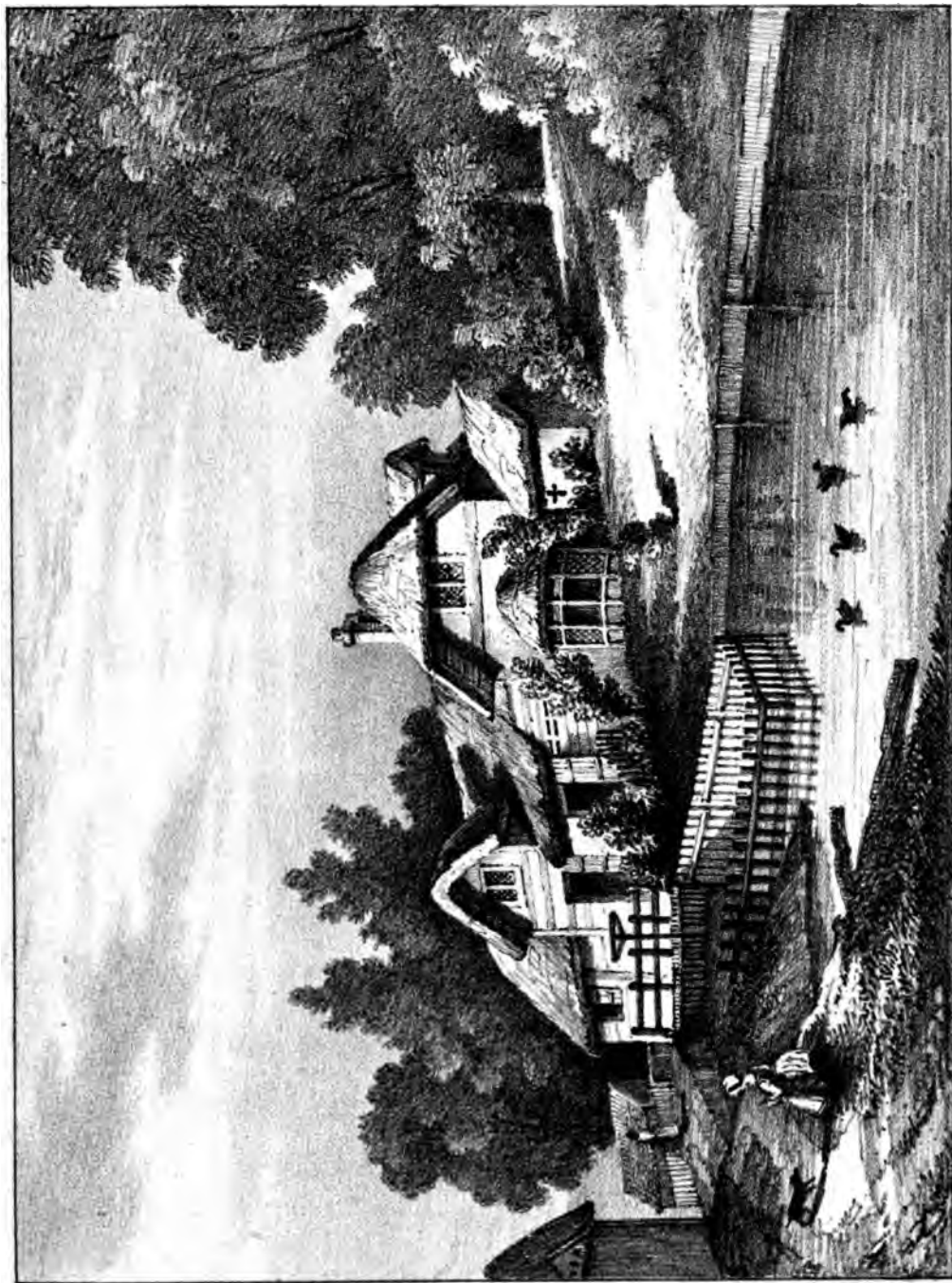
## NOTE XV.

To these elegant verses the Author of this poem has not the least pretension; they are inscribed in the “Temple of Friendship,” upon SAINT ANNE’S HILL; and they were written by the Right Honorable General Fitzpatrick. The following is a translation of them into Italian, by Mr. Fox:—

## SONETTO.

L’Astro che in sul mattin lieto scintilla  
 Annunziator dell’Albo desiata  
 Del di cadente alla stagion cangiata,  
 Alluma co’be rai l’ora tranquilla.  
 Tale in giovine cuor arde e sfavilla  
 Amista’ Nume d’anima ben nata  
 E alla canuta età poi cara e grata  
 Le dilette sue dolcezze istilla.  
 Benigna Dea! su questo Colle ameno  
 Sia’l tuo Delubro! qui fido e leale  
 Non sdegnar che de’ tuoi Drappel rifugga  
 E Teco ormai dal bel Loco sereno  
 Miri il folle Mortal, posto in non cale  
 Qual speme il nutra, o qual dolor lo strugga.

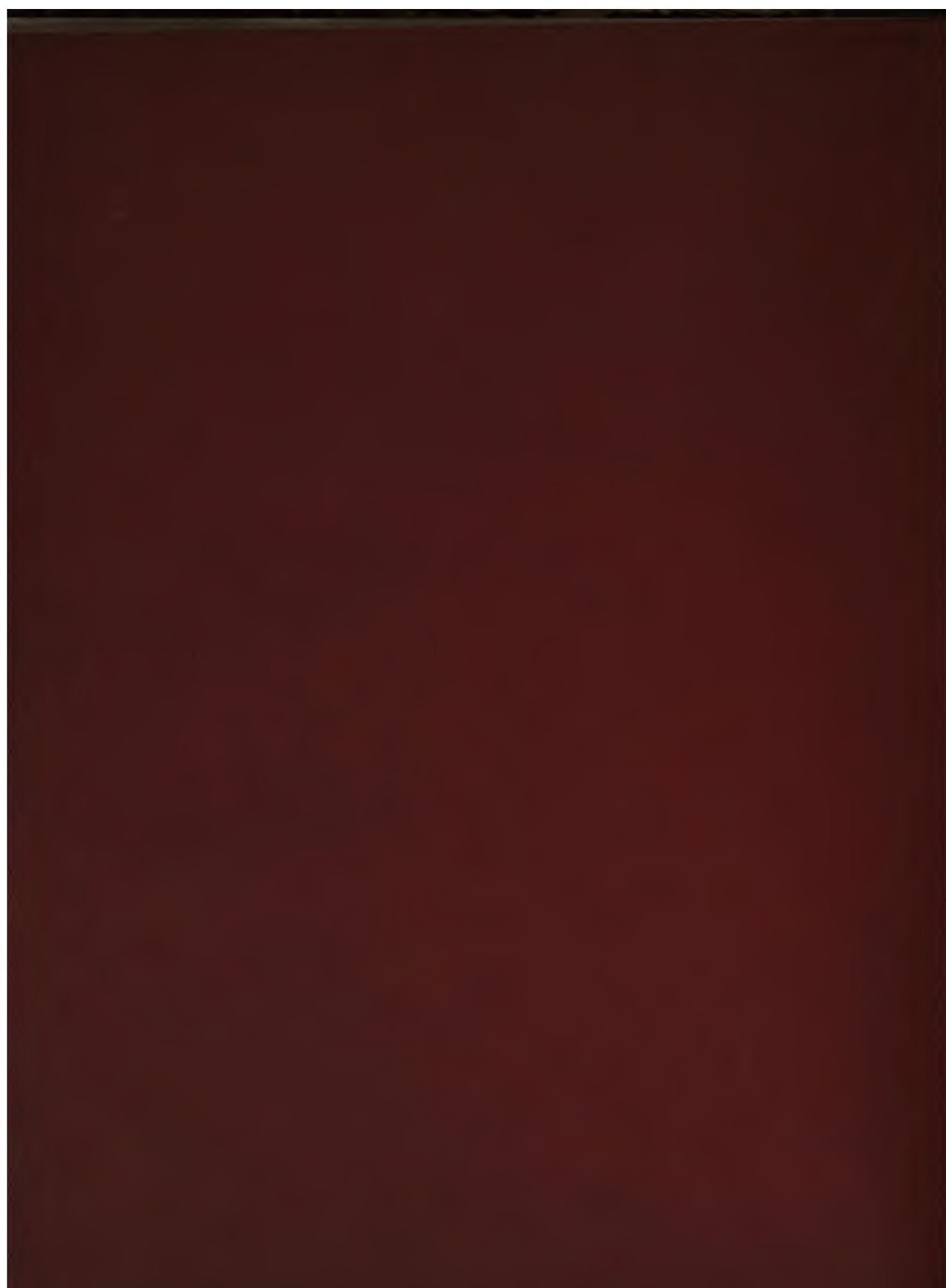


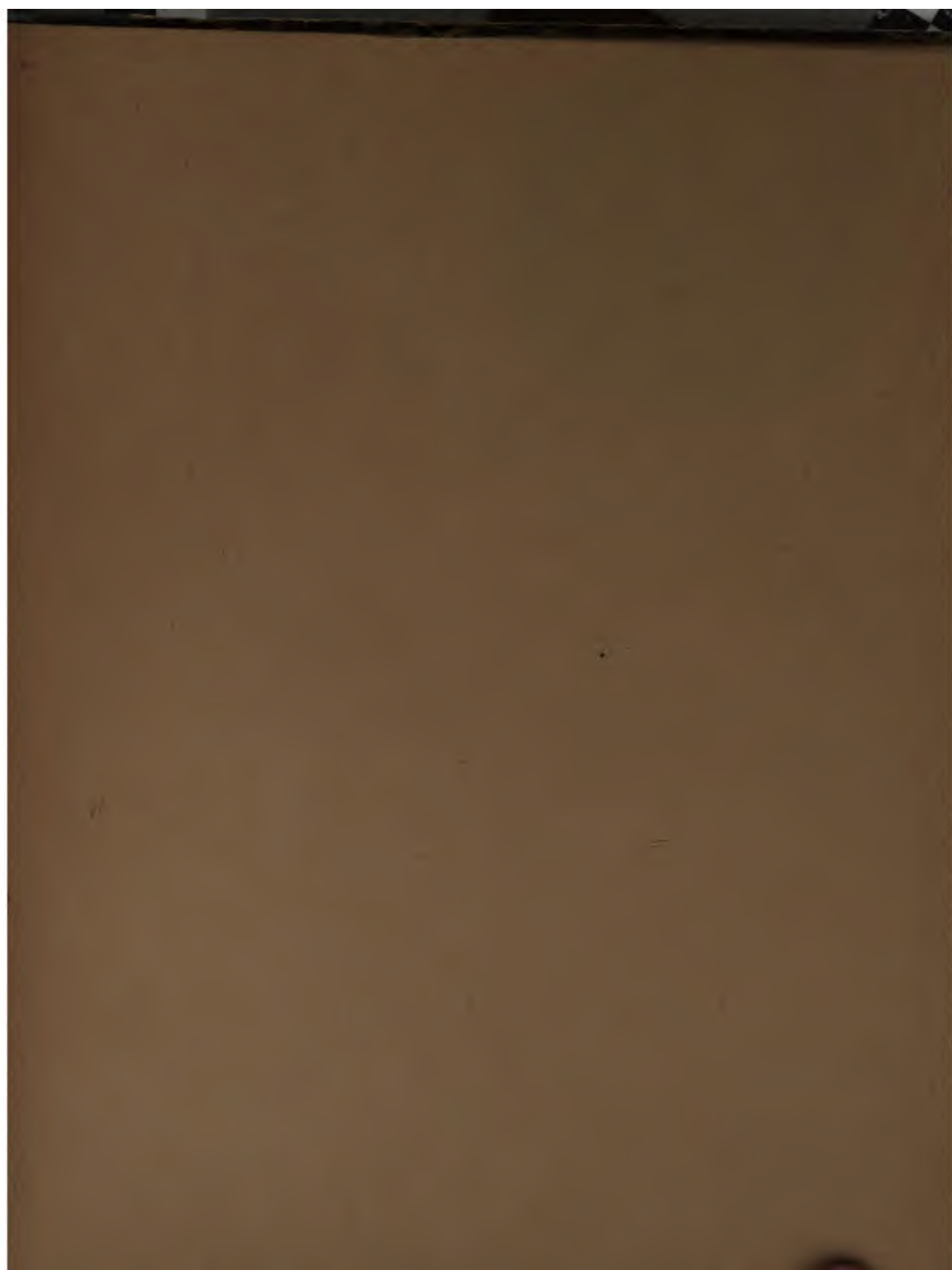


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THE FARM.  
in the Grounds of St. Anne's Hill.







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